

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

*Aron.* I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,  
Now what a thing it is to be an Assle.  
Her's no sound icst, the old man hath found theyr gilt,  
And sendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,  
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:  
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,  
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,  
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,  
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so  
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:  
It did me good before the pallace gate,  
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.

*Demet.* But me more good to see so great a Lord,  
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

*Aron.* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,  
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

*Demet.* I would we had a thousand Romane Dames  
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

*Chiron.* A charitable wish, and full of loue.

*Aron.* Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

*Chiron.* And that would she for twentie thousand more.

*Deme.* Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods  
For our beloued mother in her paines.

*Aron.* Pray to the deuils the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

*Chiron.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

*Deme.* Soft, who comes heere.

*Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.*

*Nur.* God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you see *Aron* the

*Aron.* Wel, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore  
Heere

of Titus A

Here *Aron* is, and what with

*Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aron*, v  
Now helpe, or woe betide the

*Aron.* Why what a catterwa  
what doost thou wrap and fur

*Nurse.* O that which I wou  
Our Empresse shame, and sta  
Shee is deliuered Lords, she is

*Aron.* To whom.

*Nurse.* I meane she is brou

*Aron.* Well god giue her

*Nurse.* A deuill.

*Aron.* Why then she is the

*Nurse.* A ioyles, dismall, bl

Here is the babe as loathsome a

Amongst the fairefast breeders

The Empresse sendes it thee, t

And bids thee christen it with

*Aron.* Zounds ye whore, is

Sweet blowse, you are a beauti

*Deme.* Villaine what hast t

*Aron.* That which thou ca

*Chiron.* Thou hast vndone

*Aron.* Villaine, I haue don

*Deme.* And therein hellish

Woe to her chauce, and dam

Accurst the offspring of so fou

*Chiron.* It shall not liue,

*Aron.* It shall not die.

*Nurse.* *Aron* it must, the m

*Aron.* VVhat must it Nur

Doe execution on my flesh and

*Deme.* Ile broach the tadpole

*Nurse* giue it me, my sword sha